UNDER THE VOLCANO

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#5

Helmet • The Barley Boys

Audio & Concert Reviews • Classifieds • Cool Comics • Poetry

Under the Volcano

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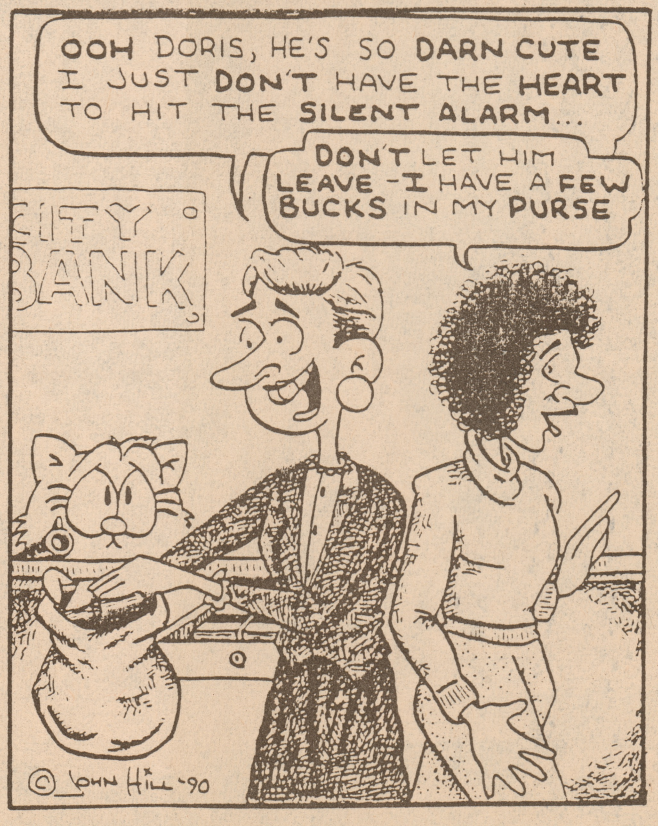
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USING HIS CUTENESS TO IT'S FULLEST POTENTIAL, HAROLD THE KITTEN LED A PROSPEROUS LIFE OF CRIME

From the Editor

Richard Black

Hello, boys and girls, and welcome to the fifth extremely nifty issue of *Under the Volcano*...

First of all, we definitely try to keep up with the barrage of mail we're receiving; I believe after the last issue I must have gotten stuff from at *least* 20 poets looking for publication, most with around five poems per envelope. Just because we don't write to you personally doesn't mean we're not publishing your stuff – but just because you send us something doesn't mean we are going to publish it (or review it) either. Please bear with us and realize that we are trying to be fair to everyone, and trying to get as much in as possible, given the limited amount of space we're dealing with... and just because you've mailed us a flyer of your band's most recent gig and we didn't get there, that doesn't mean we forgot you, either! Yeah, we're trying to be a righteous organization, believe me, and thank you to all the good people who are investing time on our staff.

Some quick thoughts: The best thing about suffering is to learn how not to suffer again... I really dug **The Ancients**, a new goth band at the Limelight November 12... we review all kinds of music, we're pretty open-minded, but we'd like more industrial and goth, so send it in... **Type O Negative** is on *Roadracer*, not *Roadrunner* as stated in last issue (oops!)... Sound Bite House is organizing a three-day hardcore festival featuring dozens of bands. It will be in North Carolina sometime in January. Call (516) 366-0306 for more info.

All those nice people in Manhattan and the Island businesses who allow us to distribute Under The Volcano in their places (and don't throw it out) get **$10** off all ads (except classifieds) while they carry the 'zine... and all ad and circulation information is on page 2. The rates are a bargain! As always, when you're finished with this issue of *Under the Volcano,* give it to a friend with instructions for them to pass it on when done with it also... gotta go now, I think my head is going to explode...

Thanx, may you get what you want...

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Audio Reviews

ALIEN FARM; EXORCISTS "Now Fix Me" *(Alien Farm, P.O.Box 170331, San Francisco, CA 94117).* This band has certainly mastered the craft of making strange atmospheric music, and the occasional digital-delayed vocals add to the insanity. If you want to explore the world of music with no boundaries, this would make for an excellent journey. (CD). **—GG**

ALIEN TONGUES *($6 from Zzaj Productions, c/o Dick Metcalf, HQ, 19th SUPCOM, Unit 15015, P.O. Box 2879, APO SF 96218-0171).* Jazz-sounding improvisation making use of piano and an assortment of traditional (guitar) and non-traditional (spoons) sound sources. Long and strange, everything just kind of flows into the next, with a very rare vocal to be found-some of it sounds like what my ignorance would lend me to believe music of the Far East would sound. Kind of soothes me and irritates me at the same time. (cassette) **—RB**

ARNOLD THE PIG "Buddhas and Dancing Dogs" *(Double Zero, P.O.Box 11213, New Brunswick, NJ 08906).* A.T.P. is a crazy, funky band that sounds similar to Was (Not Was). This eight-song CD is definitely dance party music with choruses that grow on you, so you can sing along as you shake your booty. If you need to add extra life to your party, this CD will do it! (CD). **—GG**

BEDLAM "Permanent Psychosis" *($4 from Bedlam, c/o Lisa Jacobs, East Lakeshore Drive, Carmel, NY 10512).* This tape was rather interesting, a very good speed/death metal band with a singer that's got some set of pipes on her. I normally get really bored with music of this genre, but this stuff has unique rhythm changes, an overall style I enjoyed, and well... balls. Put me on your mailing list! (cassette) **—RB**

BOOM BOX BARBIE "Boom Box Barbie" *($3 from B.B.B., 91 Summit Street, #1, Brooklyn, NY 11231).* An energetic three-song demo that seems influenced by the late-1970s punk scene, but has a more accessible edge. Singer/bassist Cherrio sounds like Debbie Harry at times, so it felt almost familiar. Not bad. (cassette) **—RB**

THE DYLANS "The Dylans" *(Beggars Banquet, 274 Madison Avenue, Suite 804, New York, NY 10016).* The Dylans have a sound I really can't place but I really enjoy. Songs like "She Drops Bombs," "Planet Love," and "Godlike" definitely get you into the album. I wouldn't classify this stuff into the "Manchester" category, simply because it wouldn't do the music any justice. This band should do rather well, and I'm looking forward to hearing more of them in the future. (CD). **—GG**

EL KABONG *($4 from Steve, 67 Bedford Street, Basement, New York, NY 10014).* From the tribal drumming that permeates "Shots O' Fire," the first selection on this tape from El Kabong, I could tell I was in for a treat! I really liked their non-traditional approach to a traditional style (blues), and the whole band plays really well off each other. A great vocalist, burning guitar, and creative arrangements make this entertaining on several different levels. Catch them live around Manhattan. **—RB**

EMMA ZALE "Please Tell Me" *($5 from Emzee Records, P.O.Box 3213, South Farmingdale, NY 11735).* Something new (I believe) from someone who's been the namesake of a staple act on the Island for years, EM Zale. I kind of expected this to suck, because the live music scene on the Island does, but I was pleasantly surprised. Very easy to listen to and professional sounding, Emma deals with the subject matter of love and the more tender human emotions. The title song, "Please Tell Me" made me think of a rainy day, looking out the window from a nice warm room. If you're into a female vocalist/guitar/pop kind of thing right now, I'd say get it. (cassette) **—RB**

THE FINAL SOLUTION *(available from Final Solution, Mind Of Matter Productions, P.O.Box 78, Long Island City, NY 11101).* Hmmmm. Sounds to me like the chirping of some electronic crickets or something, but I find the noise rather soothing. This is an almost rhythmless dose of a dark nature, with the vocalist wailing through a phase shifter/distortion effect about a female and his need to dominate her in every way possible. This stuff is so warped it's scary, and I would suggest sending them an age statement if you're ordering from them. Whew! (cassette) **—RB**

FUROR "Become A Victim" *($6 from Dr. M. Music, 39 St. Francis Street, Medford, NY 02155).* For starters, I really liked the package. The artwork was very similar to the art in the new X-Force from Marvel. Furor is a decent rock band with some good guitar licks and a sarcastic attitude. My favorite on this six-song cassette was "Hoedown In Hell" on the first side. Worth a try. (cassette) **—RB**

HELMET "Unsung" b/w "Your Head" *(Amphetamine Reptile Records, 2541 Nicollet Avenue S., Minneapolis, MN 55404).* This New York based band has received quite a bit of attention recently, and rightfully so , judging by the power and intensity displayed on this single; and the sounds they create are all their own. "Unsung" is a noisy metallic blast that could easily become an anthem for the nineties, while "Your Head" showcases the sound that Helmet has become known for-loud, muscular, and intelligent, thanks to Page Hamilton's introspective lyrics. Very fucking impressive, and it's "Scale 41"! On white vinyl. (7") **—JK**

MINISTRY "Jesus Built My Hotrod" *(Sire/Warner Bros. Records, Inc., 3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505-4694).* Ministry are back with a single that is to prepare us for their full length album out in January. "Jesus..." is a kickin' tune with a special appearance intro provided by Gibby Haynes of Butthole Surfers fame. I was expecting to hear something like "Stigmata" or "Thieves," but instead got something that sounds like the new Cramps album. The other tune, "TV Song," might make sense to someone on acid, and I'm sure a lot of that goes into the music-fast as hell, too! (CD). **—GG**

NIRVANA "Nevermind" *(David Geffen Company, 9130 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069-6197).* This band can do it all – well, almost. Lyrical geniuses they're not. Musically, however, this almost flawless release shows a diversity of sound and a mature songwriting talent. "Smells Like Teen Spirit," receiving a lot of MTV coverage, should make this band a household word. On this track vocalist Kurdt Kobain shows a range that somehow encompasses Sting, Robin Zander (Cheap Trick) and James Hetfield (Metallica). Nirvana basically boils down to Kobain on vocals and guitars and Chris Novoselic on bass/vocals. David Grohl (drums/vocals) was not on *Bleach*, the band's previous release. *[Editor's note:* Bleach *featured two different drummers, so it remains to be seen whether Grohl is a permanent addition to the band.]* "On A Plain" is another standout cut – almost like a King's X blend of heavy metal power with Beatlesque harmony vocals. The disk's most enigmatic moment occurs in the last track, "Something in the Way," a slow, gloomy, melodic piece that features guest cellist Kirk Canning. The song ends – seemingly – after 3 or 4 minutes. After 10 minutes of silence, it kicks back in with a thoroughly nasty reprise that is the closest thing to pure noise on the album. The band has not lost its edge in making the leap from Sub-Pop

to a major label. Nirvana's sound is very aggressive overall, but it rarely loses its melodic pop sensibility and that makes the band a force to be reckoned with for the years ahead. (CD/cassette) —BL

ROADHOUSE "Roadhouse" *(Phonogram/Mercury Records, World-wide Plaza, 825 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10019).* I never really liked the band Def Leppard – I always considered them "part of the problem," I guess because I felt that instead of doing the raw, angst-ridden stuff they were capable of, they opted for the big arenas and fluffy output. Anyway, ex-Def Leppard guitarist Pete Willis has put together a new band, and I like it more than the old bunch o' blokes. Yeah, the stuff will probably sell 10 million units, but I found the songs, excellent musicianship and great production likable. Watch for it in January. (cassette) —RB

S.F.A. "So What?" *(Wreck-Age, 451 Broadway 2N, New York, NY 10012).* S.F.A. are a band that seem quite happy with being full of anger, and that is their sole inspiration, with a little sarcasm thrown in on the side. Through their harsh music and incredibly bitter lyrics S.F.A. ram their point right down your throat. They also shoot down any group they see fit, which is clearly the case in "Rudeboy," where the Spirit of '69 skins are on the firing line. S.F.A. are quite vocal with their opinions, and that's what's great about them-their not afraid to stir up controversy. We need more bands like them! (CD). —GG

SMASHING PUMPKINS "Gish" *(Caroline Records, 114 W. 26th St., 11th Floor, New York, NY 10001).* This band's heart is in the right place, trying to out-power Jane's Addiction while weaving in poignant, ballad-like moments. However, they fall short. "I Am One," the opener, is the best. It has a nice drive a la Guns 'N' Roses "Paradise City" and crisp, powerful guitar heroics. "Siva" is a somewhat worthy follow-up, but on this track the band starts to lose credibility. However you'll probably put something else on before the album ends. The vocals are the band's weakest link; not so bad in powerful moments, they totally fall apart during the softer segments such as in the thoroughly offensive "Rhinoceros," with the annoying "and she knows, she knows, she knows" refrain. Until they get a real singer, they should stick to its hard rock edge. By trying to show such versatility they come across as more cocky than talented, which is a shame because there is some absolutely brilliant guitar work here. If you can get through the more pompous moments, it is worth many listens. (CD/cassette) —BL

SMITHEREENS "Blow Up" *(Capitol Records, Hollywood & Vine Streets, Hollywood, CA).* The Smithereens probably wanted to make this album years ago but were too embarrassed to so openly display their influences. However, with three albums and an EP under their belt, they let loose with this pastiche of 1960s Motown/R&B/Beatles. "If You Want the Sun to Shine," the final song, is credited to [vocalist] Pat Dinizio and *J. Lennon*. Whether this is Julian Lennon or a pun indicating the heavy Beatles influence on this track above all others is uncertain. "Top of the Pops," one of the catchiest songs on the radio, borrows from the band's own "Girl Like You," but it's so infectious that it doesn't matter. Guitarist Jim Babjak contributed his first recorded composition, "Now and Then," which manages to graft all the aforementioned influences together. Throughout the album, his Rickenbacker sounds more like George Harrison's than ever before. You might cringe at the thought of putting *Blow Up* on, but once it's on you won't take it off. The Smithereens are sort of an inside joke; those who didn't like past albums probably won't like this one. Those who enjoyed the others will love this – it's the band's most polished and fun album to date. (CD/cassette) —BL

STRANGELOVE *($4 from Strangelove, P.O.Box 570763, Miami, FL 33257-0763).* Strangelove wrote to us that they picked up *U.T.V.* in New Orleans, which in itself I thought was kinda neat! These guys appear to be a band with a genuine musical ability, playing a brand of rock that drips with the blues. The song "Mary Mary" utilizes power chord progressions as a showcase for some hot guitar playing, while on "Falling" vocalist Jeff Rollason sounds like Don Henley in the Eagles' "Already Gone." Good stuff!—RB

THEE HYPNOTICS "Soul, Glitter & Sin" *(Beggars Banquet, 274 Madison Avenue, Suite 804, New York, NY 10016).* Thee Hypnotics are a band that overwhelms you with their musical ability the moment you drop this disc onto your player. They give a haunting impression on you that sends chills down your spine. "Cold Blooded Love" does exactly that, and the whole thing just had an eerie feel that I enjoyed very much. If you like dark, atmospheric music, this is for you. (CD). —GG

UGLY KID JOE "Ugly As They Wanna Be" *(Stardog Records, 825 8th Avenue, New York, NY 10019).* When a band describes itself as "Pasteurized Processed Cheese Metal" how can you not like them? Ugly Kid Joe take a tongue-in-cheek approach and turn the whole glam metal scene upside down. Seriously, this is a good album from a band with a promising future. With tunes like "Madman" about a crazed killer in Disneyland, and the love ballad "Everything About You" in which the singer (who sounds a tad like Vince Neil from Motley Crue). goes on about how much he hates this chick, Ugly Kid Joe just might make people realize how sad bands like Poison really are! This album is good and funny, so I'd suggest checking it out! (CD). —GG

VARIOUS ARTISTS Alice Cooper Tribute *(Sub-Pop, 1932 First Ave., Suite 1103, Seattle, WA 98101).* This double-EP features four "underground" bands – Sonic Youth, Gumball, These Immortal Souls and Laughing Hyenas – paying homage to 'The Coop,' who has clearly influenced countless bands. The songs, "Luney Tune," "Under My Wheels," "Is It My Body" and "Public Animal #9," are all Alice classics from 1971-72. Unfortunately, not one seems to capture the point of the originals. Alice was a whiny brat – frustrated, angry, cranky. These covers are noisy. When Alice was loudest, there was always a sense of urgency that unified his messages. These bands seem to treat the recording as an esoteric art-school assignment. Nonetheless, this limited edition Sub-Pop June/July Singles Club entry is priceless, and although I won't play it much it will never leave my collection for historical value alone. (double-7") —BL

VARIOUS ARTISTS "Drain That Dirty Water" *($6 from Set Cassettes, Box 15334, Kenmore Station, Boston, Massachusetts, 02215-5334).* An important compilation (put together by Terry Burke of Histatic Charge). because it contains sixteen songs from Massachusetts Cassette Culture, a fun-loving network of bands that are heavily into the D.I.Y. scene. Some stuff here is just some electronic experimentation, but other selections, like Haberland's very downbeat "Testament," shine and make you want to hear more. I also enjoyed Mente's very funny "Scrod." Other bands include Tall Bald Grandfathers, Dougzig, and Wall Of Hair. Recommended.—RB

VARIOUS ARTISTS "Hyde Recordings Sampler" *($4 cash or money order from Hyde Recordings, P.O. Box 831, Reisterstown, MD 21136-0831).* While Manchester is in the mainstream, Gothic still remains sincere in the underground. This cassette offers a sampling of four different acts: Cry Back The Dying, Theatre Of Ice, Exhume, and Ghoul Squad. Each band has a unique sound. This tape is a must have for the dress in black, pale faced , gothic ghouls. (cassette) —GG

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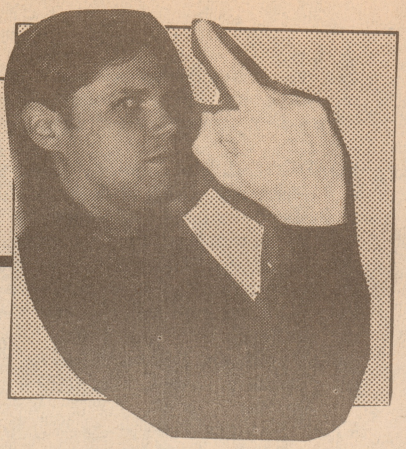
Interview by Joe Kowalski



Helmet

Recently, during the CMJ convention in Manhattan, Amphetamine Reptile Records presented a showcase for five of the label's bands at Beowulf on Avenue A (see review). Before the show, I sat down with Helmet at a local restaurant. I was out to dispel any rumors I had heard, and to get a better idea of what these guys were really about. Thanks to Helmet (Page Hamilton, vocals; Henry Bogden, bass; Peter Mengede, guitar; John Stanier, drums), AmRep, and Steve A. Martin for the interview, and away we go... —JK

UTV: I read in the AmRep newsletter that it was only a rumor you might be looking to get signed to a major label, and I've heard from other sources that you were being looked at by majors...

Page Hamilton: Interest started with Relativity back in Spring, and with the whole upgrade debacle, we decided that it might be to our benefit to go to a label that had sort of a different distribution. We love AmRep, and we love the bands, and we love Tom and stuff, it's just, um, the distribution was a big problem for us, because we didn't sell the records that we wanted to sell, so we decided the band might be better off to go to a bigger label, only after Relativity first called me and asked me what we were doing, and then Atco called, and then it got to this whole thing that's going on now, Imago, A&M, and Interscope...

Peter Mengede: I think Tom also put that in the newsletter, because he's a little tired of fielding phone calls from people asking...

UTV: When I played *Strap It On* on my stereo the other day, all the dogs in my neighborhood started barking hysterically. This is a true story, because I just heard *Strap It On* recently, and it's great! How do people react to your music?

PM: They start barking!

UTV: I noticed you have a lot of hardcore and metal influences in your music, but I noticed that you have a stripped-down edge, kind of like industrial, which I think you get your "noise" label from. Do you get influenced to play music like this from where you live, like New York City's environment?

PH: It has an impact, there's no one sort of influence that you could sort of fix the finger on to decide as the influence, but it certainly has an impact on some of the aggression and frustration that comes out in the music... everybody has some sort of aggression they've got, and the music satisfies that urge... for me certainly, it satisfies me better than any other music I've ever played.

UTV: How did you get signed to AmRep?

PM: We had recorded our demos with Don Fury, pretty much to see what we'd sound like, it was about a month after we got together. So we had a tape, and Page sent some out to some people, one of whom was Jill Farnas from Twin/Tone, and Amphetamine Reptile had just set up an office in the Twin/Tone building, and she passed it on to Tom Hazelmeyer, who liked it very much, he called us up, and said "Would you like to put out a single?" From then on it was a pretty loose arrangement... Tom did our album with us... it's great working with Tom. It's been a pleasure.

UTV: How has touring been so far?

PH: It's been one of the most critical aspects of what we're doing, just getting the band known, because the album wasn't available off and on, for long periods of time, so being visible and playing, it was good in that way... I think that the music has a greater impact live than we achieved with the recording of *Strap It On*. Although we're all happy with that album, it's nothing like hearing it live.

PM: It's [also] made us stronger people.

UTV: Page, where do the words and emotions you write about come from?

PH: The lyrics tend to not be very literal... I see influences from everything from pop music and rock music I've listened to since I was a kid, to books I've read, and things my parents have said to me... those things all come out unconsciously, and the immediate influence would be my environment, you know, the emotion things you experience in New York City... definitely New York still plays a large part in just influencing the... songs. An idea would come to me because I'll witness something, like a song like "Murder," across the hall in the building I live in, somebody was brutally murdered, and it freaked me out for a while... or interaction with people at a bar where I was a bartender, you get to see how pathetic relationships I was involved with were before... I sort of tend to look at human weaknesses a lot, and my own.

UTV: Do you think you're going in a different direction on the new single(from the Peel Sessions)? On *Strap It On*, the lyrics are very aggressive, a lot of screams and yells, where on the single you're actually singing the lyrics...

PH: Yeah, why many people ask us that is because the two songs we decided to put out as a single, "Unsung" and "Your Head," are both melodic songs... the new material is no departure, there may be more melodic material than there was on *Strap It On*, but there's also a sort of hardcore vocal element.

UTV: Are currently in the studio?

PH: No, but I'd say that 75% of this material's done for the next album... we got a large chunk of it done, and some of the vocals are more melodic, and some of them are screaming and yelling...

PM: Maybe after this trip we'll go into the studio and record some new songs for the first time.

UTV: What cities are the most receptive to you on your tour?

PH: Cleveland is number one on our list, in my opinion, because the people there are just fucking great. Chicago we like a lot... .

UTV: I know that one of you said you don't consider yourself the typical AmRep band, but are there any bands on the label you dig?

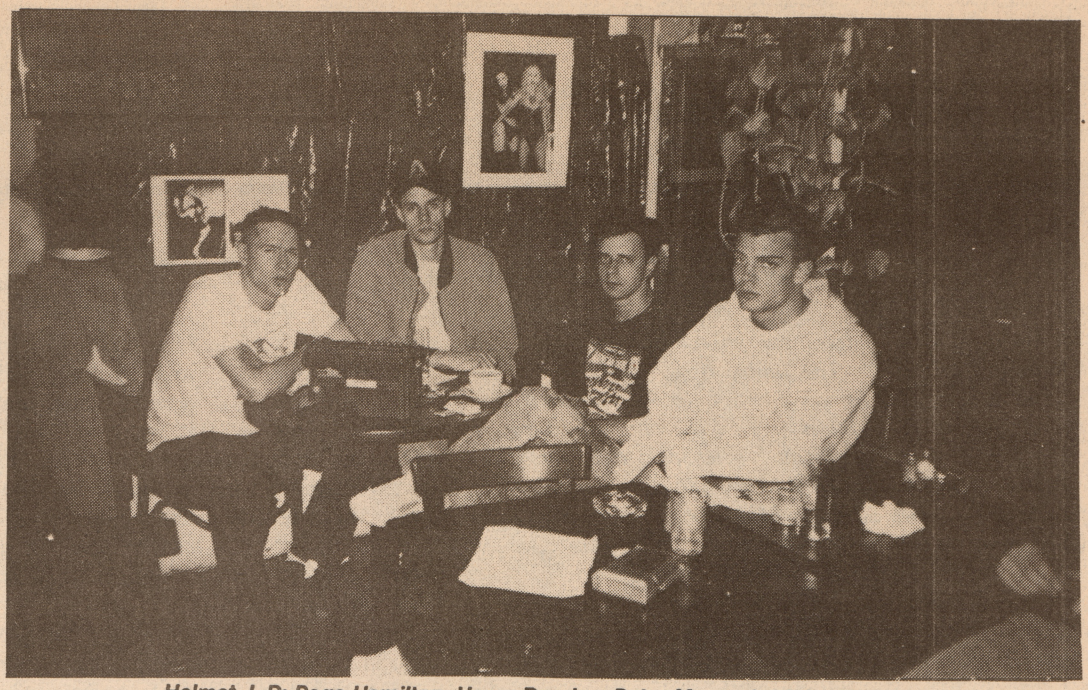
John Stanier: I like all of the bands, I think they all do what they do really well, too. I love the Cows, I love Tar, God Bullies are a lot of fun, Surgery...

UTV: Do any of you have any formal musical training?

JS: I do.

UTV: Did you go to school or anything?

JS: University of Miami.
PH: I went to school too... the Manhattan School of Music is where I finished.
UTV: Do see any difference in playing LA or Seattle as opposed to New York?
PM: It's a totally different world. Culturally, people in New York are sort of assertive and aggressive, and I think in Los Angeles are sort of spaced. People are quite eccentric out there and it's just a new way of life for me... the lifestyle is so much healthier...



Helmet, L-R: Page Hamilton, Henry Bogden, Peter Mengede, John Stanier.

UTV: Why do you call yourselves Helmet?
PM: A friend of Page and myself, Renee... she was fascinated with German things at the time... it sprang from "Helmut"... once we got a lot of variations... we decided to not be too collegiate in the end...
UTV: You're doing that single for Sub Pop as well...
PH: Nah...
UTV: Did that fall through?
PH: It's been on again, off again, on again, off again. We first said no, and John Poneman asked me when we were in Seattle, and I said sure, you know, then he talked to Hazelmeyer, and the money sucked... why should we give up a song? Then it was on again because he offered us more money, then it was off, because they were floundering... ah, just fuck it!
PM: Besides, they just went bankrupt from what I heard...
JS: So it was just like, with everything , we didn't want a lot of troubles.
PH: We're in a position where we're not in a hurry to release anything. We're gonna have an album out in September of '92... a couple more of the Peel Session songs are coming out on a compilation and we'll continue to play live shows... so it's not worth it to us.
UTV: Do you feel that if you sign with a major, you could lose or be alienating some of your fans?
PH: Nope... if somebody has an attitude about something, and they're the only one to be into something that is not accessible to a larger audience, and they've discovered this thing, if we continue to do our work and the music is improved... and anybody who listens to the band can say,"Oh, I liked them better before" or "Now they're a jangly pop band," it's bullshit. We've improved as players, I've improved as a singer, the writing has improved, the relationship between the four of us in the band has improved... I don't think we're going to alienate anybody, I think that comes from their attitude.
UTV: What lies ahead for you?
JS: We're breaking up tomorrow!
PM: Children...
PH: Dogs, suburban housing...
UTV: (laughs) No, as a band though...
JS: Our relationship is getting stronger...
PM: I don't know, I don't know about anyone else, I never look at things too far down the road. Just keep doing what we're doing.
PH: Probably another record. Unless one of us dies or something between now and going into the studio, we're gonna have another record out, and that's exciting to me, because I love to have the documentation of where we've come from and where we're gonna go... I love sort of chronicling the history of our development. To me, it's fun to hear the difference. ■

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Interview by Richard Black

The Barley Boys

I recently did an impromptu phone interview with Tim Barnes, drummer for The Barley Boys, whose music is a blend of catchy hooks, sweet harmonies, and seasoned pop arrangements. In addition to Tim, the other members are Chris Bentley on bass, Scott Whelehan, vocals, and Larry Restieri on guitars. They will be releasing a new CD, Punchbug, *on their own label, Anavrin, sometime in January '92. For more details, write to them at: Barley Music, Inc., 6 Avondale Dr., Cold Spring Harbor, NY 11724.*

Under the Volcano: What I'm going to do is interview you right now, okay? You are the lucky one! Give me a very brief history of The Barley Boys...

Tim Barnes: We've known each other about eight years, and we formed the band about six years ago this October, (our senior year in high school) and upon graduation we were all going to college, so we were all going to school, and we sacrificed vacations and stuff like that to go into the studio and work on original material... just before we graduated we decided we wanted to do this full-time, so after we graduated we set up a corporation, practiced a shitload, and started working on what would be our first tour, which ran all the way down to Charleston, South Carolina, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, Virginia, and North Carolina. It was about three or four weeks, and since then we've just been doing the touring thing as much as we can. [Then] we started recording again, we started writing a new batch of songs toward the end of last year. That's when we met this producer, Brian Drago. After recording with him, we were doing a lot of touring and stuff, and while we were at home, that's when we met another producer that we're working with now, Luke DeLune, from Spooky Productions... Luke had a really good insight to what our music was about – and he's the first person outside of the band who we've kind of accepted and thought his ideas would work with our stuff.

UTV: I read in your press kit that somebody went to Harvard or something?

TB: Yeah, our guitar player and bass player went to Harvard, and our singer went to Dartmouth.

UTV: Any idea what degrees they got?

TB: Yeah, the guitarist graduated in History, our bassist was an Economics degree, and our singer with a Psychology degree.

UTV: How would you describe your music to somebody?

TB: It's one of the toughest things, that question's been asked to us, because sometimes we try to figure out ourselves. We just like to think of it as a serious bottom-end groove rock that's real.

UTV: What do you find you normally write songs about?

TB: I think... it's just writing about life situations. What's odd is that it's all out of personal experiences, but they've been written in the sense where there's more of a widespread message... a lot of people can take the song almost parallel to themselves...

UTV: What influences would you say your band draws

from? What other bands?

TB: We listen to all sorts of things, going from Zeppelin to Mudhoney, and things in between, you know, even folkier stuff. We try to put it all together and spit it all back out, basically.

UTV: How'd you come up with the name?

TB: Ah, that goes all the way back to high school. When we first started out, it was sort of a real cow-punkish kind of band, and we were just sitting around drinking Budweiser looking for names, and there it was, right on the label, "Barley." It kind of stuck with us, it doesn't really apply as it did then, but we just keep it not forgetting where we're coming from, that we are four friends who decided to put a band together, not so much four musicians that wanted to get together and form a band.

UTV: You incorporated Barley Music. You said that this was what you wanted to do after college. First of all, how old are you guys, and tell me more about the corporation.

TB: Everyone's 23 except for myself, I'm 24. We work out of the basement of our guitar player's house. What basically Barley Music is is the booking agency, promotion, management, everything that a band needs...

UTV: You said that you toured for a month around Charleston. Have you toured recently?

TB: We toured at the beginning of the summer, which had to be cut short, because our bass-player broke his hand, so we had to come back. We missed warming up for The Swimming Pool Q's in Georgia, and a couple of other dates in South Carolina.

UTV: How do you get shows? Does someone from the band just call up a place?

TB: Yeah, one guy, whoever has the time... we've done four or five southern tours, and each one gets a little bigger, a little better.

UTV: Do you get a better response from southern audiences, or people here in New York?

TB: Yeah, actually, we've had quite a bit of success in the South. That's really also why we've been able to go back. We've sold a lot of tapes down south... *[Editor's note: the band has sold thousands of tapes in the South]* people down there just really enjoy listening to new music, as opposed to up here where people listen to classic rock or heavy metal...

UTV: Have you guys had anything interesting happen on the road? Are you getting laid?

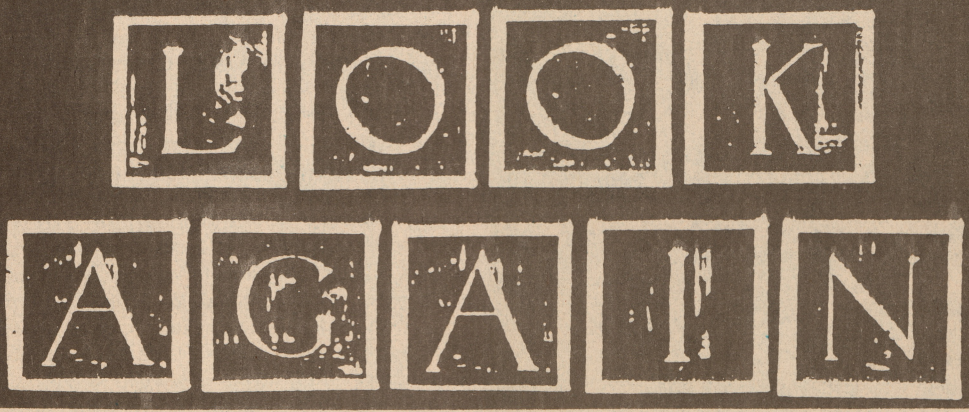
TB: (laughs)

UTV: Sorry... you have to admit it's going to read pretty well...

TB: It's been fun, we've had a lot of fun times. We've met a lot of cool people who have kind of joined up in the Barley family as supporters of what we're doing. It just feels really good when you go into a town for the first time and people are offering their apartments and stuff to stay at, and buying your tapes, and just supporting your cause... we've all graduated from good schools, but we can't think of doing anything else than being the starving artists we are right now, you know?

UTV: So you *are* getting laid! Anything to say in closing?

TB: New music is where it's at. There are so many bands, and a lot of bands have their demos for really cheap... You can buy four demo tapes for what it costs to buy one Madonna album. ■



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Performances

Amphetamine Reptile Records Showcase
Beowulf, NYC
November 2, 1991

Yes, it's true, I hate conventions like the CMJ and New Music Nights, with all those tourist-like namedroppers and hipper-than-thou pseudo punks invading Manhattan to annoy all those already living within its vicinity. I don't know whether to laugh, puke, or commit mass murder!

However, if there is any consolation in these meetings, at least people get to see and hear some of the coolest music happening in the underground scene today. When I heard AmRep was doing another showcase to exploit some of the finest examples of noise and degeneracy going, how could I pass it up?

Opening up the festivities was Surgery, kicking the show into high gear, playing their loud and noisy brand of hard rock, mixing material from their self-titled EP with songs from the *Nationwide* LP, as well as doing some new stuff. Lead singer/guitarist Sean McDonnell commanded the stage with his abrasive growls, while the rest of the band jammed on behind him with reckless abandon, starting the evening off right.

Sean McDonnell of Surgery

Next on was Tar, a band that sounded like they had more of an industrial influence. I think I was more into the aluminum guitars they were playing, and didn't concentrate so much on the music. Maybe I should listen to the *Jackson* LP again.

The third band was the Cows, and even if they weren't the best, they were the most entertaining act of the evening. While the band played their weird and obnoxious grooves, head Cow Shannon thrilled the audience with antics like throwing pool cues at them, taking out his false teeth, and playing his beat-up bugle, which he also simulated masturbating with. Clad in a cowboy hat, a red boiler-repairman's uniform with the crotch ripped out,and mousetraps for earrings, he was a sight to see!

When Helmet took the stage, the club was packed to the gills with people, slamming and grooving to the sonic outburst of volume the band has become known for in the New York scene and elsewhere. Tight, refined and powerful, Helmet hammered through songs like "Unsung" and "Bad Mood" like they meant it. Their set was by far the best of the evening.

Bringing up the rear was the God Bullies, featuring Mike Hard in his child-molester motif, thumbing through girlie mags and rubbing his genitals with children's dolls while bellowing hits from previous records. In the audience, the "Haze" (Tom Hazelmeyer, head of AmRep) and members of the other bands proceeded to give the peace/middle finger signs and throw things at Mr. Hard and company, while dancing to the evil beat with most of the ladies in the audience. When it was over, Mike embraced head Cow Shannon for a kiss. A good time was had by all. —JK

Red Hot Chili Peppers
Smashing Pumpkins
Pearl Jam
Roseland, NYC
November 11, 1991

When I first heard that these three bands were playing together, I decided that I'd rather eat my own legs than miss this show. To me, these three bands are completely different stylistically, yet they somehow represent a new movement in hard rock, an intelligent response to the brainless "metal" clogging the airwaves. This movement was started with the mainstreaming of such alternative metal bands as Jane's Addiction and Faith No More.

I was particularly looking forward to seeing Pearl Jam, whose debut album, *Ten* was one of the highlights of the year. Unfortunately, the line out the door of Roseland caused us to miss half of the band's first number, "Even Flow." However, the band didn't disappoint. The only band to jump around onstage as much as Pearl Jam is the Chili Peppers! Of the 11 songs on *Ten*, seven are aggressively heavy. Pearl Jam performed six of these seven songs for a blisteringly visceral, if short, performance. Had we left then, we'd have gotten our money's worth. Particular standouts in the set were the band's first single, "Alive," and "Why Go."

Pearl Jam, the latest band to emerge from the Seattle scene, features former members of Mother Love Bone. Earlier in the year, most of the members of Pearl Jam played on *Temple of the Dog*, the tribute album to MLB's late singer, Andrew Wood. That album, a merger with fellow Seattle members Chris Cornell and Matt Cameron of Soundgarden, was possibly *the* most powerful album of the year. Pearl Jam's stunning performance probably earned the band a lot of new fans that night.

Smashing Pumpkins, on the other hand, is more of a love/hate band. Of the six people in my party, three of us loved them, the rest of us thought they sucked. I found their pretentiousness to be suffocating – they came across as wimpy art school weirdos with a real "fuck-you" stage presence. However, in their defense, the intensity of their performance at times was almost on par with that of Pearl Jam. Smashing Pumpkins can play exceedingly quiet passages that segue without warning into blistering doses of sheer noise.

It was redundant to have two guitarists playing the same parts almost note-for-note, and it seemed that the bassist might have changed hand positions three times all night. However, the audience seemed to revel in the twin-guitar onslaught and the moshing level quadrupled when the Pumpkins went on.

Of the three bands, I'm least familiar with the music of the Chili Peppers. I didn't care for their early work, and was only partially into *Mother's Milk*, their last album. However, their new album, *Blood Sugar Sex Magick*, is without a doubt the finest of their career. The Peppers ripped through numbers from their entire catalog without overly emphasizing the new album.

No one has more energy onstage as the Red Hot Chili Peppers – their adrenaline level is superhuman. I thought the moshing had reached new heights during the Pumpkins' set, but with the Peppers the moshing was almost unfathomable; there was a steady stream of dazed, bloodied refugees from the front of the stage, and the men's room sinks were literally splattered with blood. Onstage, the band was sloppy as hell, the sound was a little mushy, but no one gave a fuck. Emotion reigned supreme! The title track from the latest album drew a particularly excited response from the crowd, and the performance seemed to top the recorded version. The band played several covers: a minute's worth of Soundgarden's "Fop," a mellow version of "Anarchy in the U.K.," their perennial favorite, Stevie Wonder's "Higher Ground." Flea's daughter [approximately 2 years old] came onstage to sing the "Alphabet Song," which the audience happily finished when she faltered.

After a solid hour and a half of raw energy, the Peppers finished the concert with Iggy Pop's "Search and Destroy," which practically put me through the ceiling.

The combination of these three different yet similar bands made this one of the best concerts of the year. Another triple bill like this and I'll need hospitalization! —SS

Laguna Moree
Continental Divide, NYC
October 23, 1991

The impression I got of Laguna Moree from their three-song cassette was that of a rather gloom gloomadelic outfit. Upon walking into this club and seeing the stage, which was made up like an abandoned voodoo temple (candles, etc.) they confirmed my notions of darkness. Of course once the music began, I had no choice but to let the slinky funk do the talking.

From the word go, Laguna Moree gave off a vibe that was downright ominous. The most interesting aspect of their style is perhaps their ability to create a feeling, and then change it in the very same breath.

There was no shortage of energy on stage, and the band's musicianship was almost flawless this evening. It almost seemed as if they weren't playing their instruments at all, but that their bodies had been possessed by some outside force from who's power they had no desire to escape.

At this performance, one could either sit back and enjoy the many musical subtleties, or get up and shake their ass to the beat. In contrast to the folks who were floundering about somewhat violently on what was supposed to be a dance floor, I choose strictly to observe this spectacle, and even I couldn't help bopping from time to time. Might I add that for a four piece band, Laguna Moree can and do make some pretty big sounds.

To give a song by song account would serve no purpose. Ok, so I forgot to jot down song titles, sue me! My favorites from the demo tape weren't present, so this, my first exposure to Laguna Moree (although not my last) would be even further shrouded in mystery. What I can say is that the solid as a rock rhythm section of Andre Morton (bass) and Willie Martinez (drums) drifted from funky to tribal, not to mention a dash of Latin spice. The guitars of Eddie Jo Martinez were sometimes twangy and sometimes reverb-infected, but always tasty if not just a little off the beaten path in texture. Then, of course, there is a vocalist, Plain Jane, who acted as the high priestess of the whole dark dance ritual. Her style is somewhere between a lullaby and throaty moan on a skipping record (and that's not an insult). Between handling lead vocals, some percussion, and convulsing spastically at the mercy of the music, it would be safe to say that as a frontperson she can keep a crowd's attention. Burn her, she's a witch!

I realize this review has ambiguous, but that's because the band can be understood on so many different levels. What can be said about a band that blends elements of goth, funk, broken Jack-in-the-box, kitchen sink, etc.? They are dangerously close to the edge. If any of this sounds like it might tickle your fancy, or at least raise your curiosity, I implore you to go see this bunch live, or at the very least, buy their tape. The songs are well written, and I can't seem to stress enough the originality of their sound. They aren't painted into a corner, and yet their musical mood swings aren't the sign of an identity crisis-and yes they DO deliver the goods in a live setting as myself and an appreciative crowd of onlookers were witness to.

In talking to Guitarist Eddie Martinez after the show, I found out not only that he had to chase a would-be guitar thief earlier that day, but he told me that Laguna Moree (pronounced *Lagoona Moray*) means "Dark Waters," and if that's not a name that fits, I don't know what is. —PK

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Crow's Nest

By Pete Kronin

Goin' over The 'Cide

I'm no big fan of discomfort, but I've always believed that I would suffer a painful death. *Painful*, meaning having a limb caught in the gears of a slow moving machine and being pulled into the works inch by inch, as opposed to, say, drowning in a vat of rice pudding. As I draw the macrocosm of existence into sharper focus, I can't help but realize my insignificance. The glamour of sleeping with eternity at times seems appealing. As I fall down dead, there is suddenly reverence for all that I've said and done.

It is a common, sour irony that many artists believe their work only gains value after they die. We often don't realize what we have until it slips away. It's not that I feel unappreciated, nor do I wish to be worshipped at my slightest accomplishment. I am just a man, and also have certain idiosyncrasies.

I don't have to hang around until the Grim Reaper unexpectedly taps me on the shoulder. I can take control of my immediate destiny quickly and painlessly, and why not now, while I can still be a youthful and attractive cadaver. Must I mimic the athlete who, rather than quitting in his prime, waits until he is a washed up mockery of his former self? Why are yesterday's icons of rebellion, who vowed they'd die before they got old, still milking and cashing in on that same nostalgia of yore now that they *are* old?

I keep telling myself that things will be better next time around, as if I had the whole canvas to paint over again. But as most people would agree, we only get a single turn to play our hand and we can't afford to squander that chance.

Why would a member of the suburban middle class from a "normal" family, who is fairly well-adjusted and intelligent, consider performing as seemingly irrational an act as auto-termination? Compared to the many less fortunate, my problems are minor, and my blessings countless. I've been lucky, but that doesn't mean everything's Kosher.

It's easy to look in from the outside as a clear-thinking individual and question the philosophy and psychology behind this turbulent situation, just as it is possible for a clean and sober person to misunderstand the physical and mental dependency of alcohol or drugs. From under the thumb of depression, perception is distorted. I don't mean "My parents didn't buy me a new car as a high school graduation gift, so I'll go out and slash myself in hopes of receiving the attention of a nearby savior" type of depression. I don't mean mild emotional stress. I mean utter disgust with oneself and humanity in general, the feeling of being powerless to change one's living conditions. I am alone. I feel worthless and trapped in myself. My petrified heart forbids me to give, receive, or show affection. The frustration of knowing that I will never have my "ideal" life will surely result in the harshest example of self-hatred. Things that were once paramount are now irrelevant. I am tired in a world where only the strong survive. The mood strikes hard, and the mind is set. It's only a matter of time before convenience is in bloom.

I'm sorry. I'm not writing an open suicide note. I wouldn't want anybody to be concerned with my fate when after all, it is mine. If I do decide to take leave, my passing will be sudden and carefully calculated, virtually unstoppable – the perfect ending to a tragic myth. I feel a degree of excitement at the thought of imminent danger, and the freedom to choose my day.

Of course, this rhetoric exercise can be absorbed on more than just its literal plane. There is much more to life and death than is implied by its bodily interpretation. I guess for some folks it seems like no other exits are in working order. But, as I've already remarked, I am lucky. As a musician and a writer I have creative outlets. At times, it seems as if words alone aren't enough; suicide is such a bold gesture that its spectators would surely sit up and take notice, once and for all. The irreversible is strangely romantic. Isn't there a delicate beauty about a body lying perfectly still?

Our laws have declared suicide illegal, but we are expected to kill and die at the command of our government. I have no desire to fight battles, but if that's the way it has to be, I'll die for my homeland. I'll off myself right in the recruiter's office, or, if I thought it might effectively show my disdain toward the bureaucratic war-mongers who are sustaining themselves and their machines with my tax dollars, I'd wait for an opportunity to head to Washington D.C. to do my thing. Suicide as protest.

Thou shalt not kill. The evil one cackles as God looks down and shakes His/Her rather large head. The threat of the unknown looms in the background. If I kill myself will I be condemned to the fires of Hell or reincarnated as a waterbug? Will death end my torment? Is the agony during that final breath built to last eternally, or is it merely a threshold through which we must pass in order to obtain the peace that was promised us? And what does any of this matter to somebody who fears nothing more than to be on this planet any longer than necessary?

While there are an infinite number of reasons why people carry out this final deed, some characters do themselves in to escape physical anguish, self-imposed euthanasia. I knew of a couple who survived the concentration camps of WW II. You'd think they would be happy to just work in their candy store and say, "Wow, we're still alive!" He had serious back trouble. I suppose he could've hung on as the doped-up version of himself that the doctors were responsible for, but maybe he felt that he had nothing left to contribute towards life. He hanged himself.

This trip is already short and we are so fragile. It's a sin to toy with death so flagrantly, but lately, for some inexplicable reason, I've been preoccupied with suicide. Surely a brush with death would change my perspective, as it has in the past. I've witnessed the grade of mental pollution produced by such soul-draining transactions, and I try to avoid encountering it. Suicide has never been a responsible choice; it is the last resort of a broken but functional spirit whose particular circumstances make their state of being unbearable. It is selfish, and to the naked eye, rather pointless. Once gone, you may be relieved at your state of earthly absence, because who could live with themselves after causing so much grief to those who could do nothing but stand by helplessly. The true victims are those who are left behind to say "could've, would've, should've."

I've always tried to preserve the positive force of life. Even if you're reading this with a loaded gun in your mouth, your lifetime membership has been extended long enough to read this. If you choose to pull the trigger, it was probably already decided long ago. Then again, maybe it's not too late. Maybe something has inspired you to keep living... and what's so bad about that? ■

TORMENTA
HEY Donna, Movie tonight. Right?
CAN'T Scott. Gotta Go...
It's Friday, AND I HAVEN'T SEEN you All week... What's up?
I HAVE A Big Test COMIN UP... Gotta GO!
ELSEWHERE
TODAY'S THE DATE WITH DONNA?
YEAH (SIGH)
I Got SUMTHIN FOR YA...
FROM AGANI WITH Love...
Oh, Thank you. I OWE SO Much TO THE Both OF You...
WHEN MAY I THANK AGANI HERSELF?
SOON, VERY SOON...
We Gotta Give You SOME Style...
YOU'RE GONNA TURN SOME HEADS...
LATER...
WOW, It's ALMOST 8:00.. I HAVE TO LEAVE...
YA LIKE IT? It's yours
...HOW...
—YOUR CHARGE CARD!
But I WAS SAVING THAT! HOW could you..
But IT WOULD BE NICE TO PICK UP DONNA IN A CAR like this..
FOR NO REASON
THAT WAS SUCH A FUNNY MOVIE...
DONNA, WHAT'S GOING ON!
Who's This Geek!
HA HA HA
Listen Scott, It's over..
Get UP DAN!
HA HA HA
Hey Scott!
SAM
NO MORE LAUGHING!...
...NO MORE LAUGHING...
CONTINUED

Poetry

poetry
And within the labyrinth of
American highways,
we find a couple in love.

Two people
who want to go
someplace,
but neither of them
know how to get there.
So they put their trust in concrete communication,
and stop for sex
along the way.
—Paul Bromius, Franklin Square, NY

disco ball
I think I'm far more
desperate than lonely
but what's lonely anyways
when desperate is only
windy hunger, and what's
desperate anyways if I can
roll over and just go
to sleep....

I think I'm far more
sleepy than desperately lonely.
—Jennie R. Cohen, Philadelphia, PA

Bitter-Sweet
Memories are enemies
who stalk me in the night
A reoccurring nightmare
As you come in my sight

Dreams of yesterdays gone by
Sparks of love remain
Paradise is all but lost
Too late to lose the pain
—John Jay, Huntington Station, NY

Repent in Public
Living in a vacant lot
A raving maniac
Let loose to become
Someone's excuse
Could not save himself from
A force that would shake him
Off his roost

They took a rubber hammer
Beat his lites out
And sent him for a ride
In a shopping cart

A race with the devil
That ended in a parking lot
—Stevie Day, New York, NY

The Tooth Fairy Is Not A Virgin
We bite off our own hands
to put them on a clock.
So it could slice up our lives,
so it's easy to carry each block.
Everyday will burn up,
one piece we will never get back.
Everyday is a wasted day,
to keep us on a track.
Shall it ever be time,
to take them back for yourself?
Each piece melts together.
Leaving the clock on its shelf.
—Sean Creedon, Lake George, NY

collapse
soon it will all start to shutter down
like falling snow or drugs underneath a strobe light

initiating the fold
she slowly starts to shut herself down
all systems closing

this angels wings have been pinned down
with snow for too long
and she's tired of fighting it

her feet hit the water first

bending over at the waist
she spits the stars to screen
she thought she was clean
but the lights are bright so she's
falling under the glare to a place where she feels

she's dragging
drugged
dead

it's all slow now
she can climb the stairs no more

so she'll turn away
curled like an embryo
and lye with shut eyes in this puddle of liquid pearl...
—Josef Esturo, Valley Stream, NY

IF I COULD KILL YOU
WITH MY PEN,
I'D STAB AND STAB
AWAY,
AND WRITE MY WORDS
IN BLOOD,
ON PAPER MADE OF FLESH,
RIPPING AND TEARING...
—Raquel, Woodbury, NY

God Of Time
The time just slides,
it twists and bends,
something's missing,
She's on the fringe again.
Too late for pleasure,
too soon forgotten,
God Of Time keeps moving,
she's on the fringe again...

Renegade angels
Dance about her bed,
cesspool of love,
she's on the fringe again,
As pure as Christ was,
As pure as dust,
Love dies at any cost,
She's on the fringe again.
—Anonymous

Stranger

1.
No, not
than me.

2.
She would be
one
of the best
looking women
I've ever seen
if she had
different
teeth.

3.
Fasten yourself
in
for the ride.
Manipulate
your favorite self.
Purgatory preparedness.

4.
All the world's
a stranger
and we are
merely
strangers
getting the grip,
losing it,
watching other
strangers get it.
—Timothy Fox, Roanoke, VA

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Dear St. Jude, thank you for prayers answered. —R.T.

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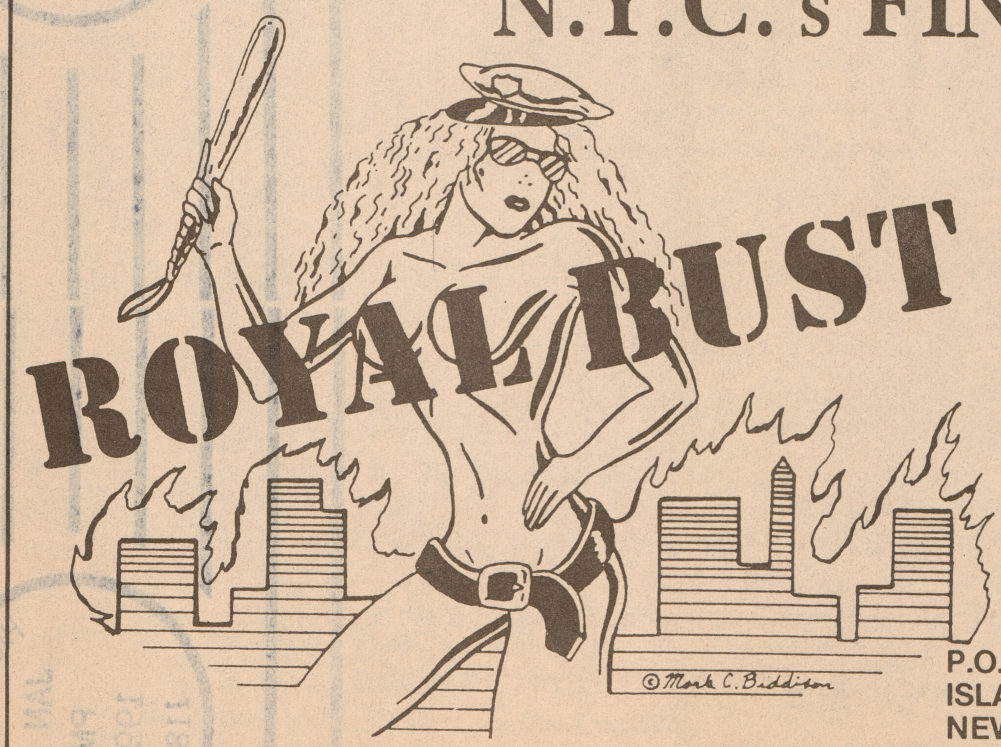

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